

Indian Legends and Traditions

From the Fields of the Woman's
American Baptist Home Mission Society



2969 Vernon Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.



Indian Legends *and* Traditions

From the Fields of the Woman's
American Baptist Home Mission Society

Compiled and Edited by
Frances M. Schuyler



2969 Vernon Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.



"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones"

A FOREWORD

LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS FROM THE HOPIS, KIOWAS, MONOS, ALASKANS, AND CROWS

*"Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odor of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling of the wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains,
I should answer, I should tell you,
* * * * *
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer."*

APPRECIATING the interest that exists in the work of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society among Indians, we have sought for such matter to incorporate in our little booklet as shall stimulate the purpose to help the Redman, and that shall also enable us to more nearly comprehend his mental attitude toward the fundamental knowledge he is receiving from missionary and teacher.

The legends have come to me from missionaries who are in loving, sympathetic touch with these Indians. From Mrs. Bertha I. Beeman and Miss Anna H. Nelson of Toreva, Arizona, Miss Abigail Johnson of Polacca, Arizona, Miss Ida M. Schofield and Miss Emma Christensen of Auberry, California, Miss Isabel Crawford of Spokane, Washington, Miss Sara A. Goodspeed of Pryor, Montana, and Rev. H. H. Clouse of Mountain View, Oklahoma, we have received the tales that have come down from father to son for many generations. Our warmest gratitude is herewith expressed to these dear friends who have made it possible to send out our "Legends and Traditions." May the booklet reach many boys and girls as well as others whose interest may thus be enlisted in the Indian and his development into strong Christian manhood and citizenship.

Yours in service,

(Miss) FRANCES M. SCHUYLER,
Editorial Secretary,
W. A. B. H. M. S.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016

<https://archive.org/details/indianlegendstra00schu>



The Spider Woman's Altar

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOPIS

MANY, many years ago the Hopis had animal farms and lived in an underground world, lighted only by an opening in the top like a small trapdoor. Finally the gods, Myningwa, the life force, and Baholikonga, the serpent representing lightning and rain, took pity on their forlorn state, and caused a mammoth cornstalk to grow beneath the opening, and on its alternate leaves, as on a ladder, the people climbed up into the world, becoming human as they emerged.

THE SPIDER WOMAN (*Kohkyangcwuhti*)

When the Hopis came up from the underworld, they found out that the grandmother of the two gods who had befriended them, was called the Spider Woman, and her home is in a smooth place between two huge rocks. She has wonderful power.

When the Hopis had lived on the earth but a short time, they found there was no way of heating the ground so the corn and melons could grow. There was no sun in the sky to warm the earth.

The Spider Woman was consulted, and asked what she could do to help them. She told them to bring her one hen's egg and a drum, made by stretching deerskin over a piece of hollow log.

When they brought the egg and drum to her, she broke the egg and smeared the yolk all over the end of the drum. Then she tossed the drum up in the air. In a few seconds it came down to the ground. Then she tossed it up again, and this time it did not fall down to the ground, but began whirling through the air, and it got hotter and hotter and began to

warm up the ground everywhere. Ever since that time the drum whirling around the earth has been called the sun, and it is the yolk on it that makes it look yellow, and it is also the yolk on it that makes the roosters crow at sunrise every morning.

THE DESTRUCTION OF AWATOBI (*The Singing House*)

Several miles from Second Mesa are found ruins of a large village which was destroyed in 1700. Before that date, a strong feeling of jealousy had existed between Awatobi and Walpi. Often the men from Awatobi would trespass on the hunting grounds of Walpi, seizing their game, and sometimes killing the hunters.

Awatobi was too large and too well defended a village for the Walpians to think of fighting single-handed, so they made friends and alliances with the other villages around them.

Once a year, during the autumn, each tribe celebrated a feast which lasted several days, and on the concluding night special rites were held, when every man must be in the kiva (underground room) to which he belonged, and must not leave it till sunrise next morning.

When Walpi decided they could bear with Awatobi no longer, they determined that on the night of the closing ceremony of Awatobi they would go on the warpath against the village.

For weeks the boys of Walpi were busy gathering cedar bark, pinon and greasewood, which the men bound into bundles and stowed away in the houses, and the women were pulverizing red pepper and tying it into pouches.

A watch was kept on Awatobi, and it was easily ascertained when the feast began. On the closing day word was sent by Walpi to the other villages, and by dusk fighting bands began to arrive until shortly after dark one hundred fifty warriors were assembled ready for the warpath. Their weapons were to be firebrands composed of shredded cedar bark loosely bound in rolls, splinters of pinon, dry greasewood, and the pouches of pulverized red pepper.

Under cover of darkness they crossed the valley, every man with a bundle of inflammables on his back. Reaching the Awatobi mesa, they crept cautiously up the steep, winding trail to the summit, and, guided by the wild music of the dancers, stole around the village to the different kivas. They hid themselves and waited until just before daylight, when the enemy would be lying down to sleep, then the Walpi chief gave his war cry, and the yelling bands rushed to the different kivas, pulled up the ladders through the hatchways and left the doomed occupants as helpless as rats in a trap.

Fires were still burning in the numerous little cooking pits where the feasters had prepared their food. Here the Walpi men lighted their bundles of bark and then threw them down into the kivas, and then they threw down the pouches of red pepper, the fumes of which choked the men in the kivas. Not a male in the city escaped. The women and children were spared to be divided among the allied villages, but the houses were destroyed.

This battle took place in 1700, and even to-day the ruins are visited by numbers of people. Parts of the walls are still standing.

It is a rather singular coincidence that most of our Christians are descendants from the survivors of Awatobi.

HOW A LITTLE TURTLE DECEIVED THE COYOTE

At Sakwa-wayu (Blue Water), near Winslow, some people were living. In the river near by lived many turtles. Not far from the river bank lived the coyote. He coveted the turtles, and was wondering where they lived. He hunted all around the village, but could find only some turtle shells. He took some in his mouth and went away.

On approaching the river, he heard some one cry, and saw a small turtle which drew itself into its shell when he came near. He took the turtle into his mouth, turned it over and said, "So it was you who made the noise I just heard?" "Yes," the turtle replied.

"What did you say?" the coyote asked.

"I cried," the turtle answered.

"Why," said the coyote, "you sang nicely. Sing for me again."

"Oh, no, I cried," the turtle said.

"But you must sing again. If you don't, I shall devour you."

"All right, that will not hurt me."

"Then I shall throw you on the hot ground."

"That will not hurt me," said the turtle, "as my shell is thick."

"If you refuse to sing for me again, I shall throw you into the water," said the coyote.

"Oh, my, do not do that, for then I shall die at once."

The coyote then rushed at the turtle, grabbed it and threw it into the water. When it reached the water, the turtle exclaimed, "Ah (good), this is my house," stretched its feet and head, dived down, came up again and swam away.

"Oh, my," said the coyote, "why did I not devour it?" And on that account the turtles still live in the water.

STORY-TELLING TIME

Every child is fond of a story, and the Hopi children are not behind their fair cousins who love their old fairy tales. In Hopiland, while it is too cold for the lizards to be out, the children gather around the old grandfather in the home, begging, "Tell us a story."

The old man sits in a more comfortable position, while the children become still as mice and their black eyes shine like stars. Then he begins:

Once upon a time there were two friends who lived by a small pond of water. One had large bright eyes and wore a green coat and a white vest every day, for he was a frog. The other wore a plain gray suit and had a long sharp beak, for he was a little bird. Every day the two friends visited each other.

One day the frog said, "Let us play hide and seek." "All right," said the bird, "you hide first." So the frog went to the soft mud and backed himself into it with much twisting and squirming, until only his bright eyes could be seen.

Then the bird started out to hunt him. He hunted everywhere, but the frog could not be seen. Finally he came to the soft mud, and there he saw two pretty bright things, and he said, "I am so glad! I am so glad! I have found two little bells." Just as he said this he reached down to pick them up, and then the frog cried out, "Ah-nye! ah-nye! I am stingy of my eyes."

"Now," said the frog, "it is your turn to hide." So the little bird went and hid in the sand. He twisted and turned until he was all covered up except that his long beak stuck straight up in plain view. Then the

frog hopped here and hopped there, and went everywhere in search of his friend, but he could not find him. At last he saw a bright needle sticking out of the ground, and he said, "I am so glad! I am so glad! I have found this needle for my grandmother." He reached down to take it, when the bird cried out, "Ah-nye! ah-nye! I am stingy of my beak."

"Tell another! Tell us another, grandpa!" ring out the childish voices in chorus. Shadows from the fireplace come and go upon the little group all intently watching the old man's face, unwilling to lose the first word of the story.

Once the coyote was very hungry, and while he was in search of food he found his friend the skunk. His friend knew that he was very hungry and he watched to see what the coyote would do. The coyote lay down just as though he were dead, and kept very still. Soon a rabbit came and saw him, and said, "Our enemy is dead." Then another came, and the first one said, "See the one who chases us is dead. He really is dead. He can't hurt us any more." Others came, until there were a large number of rabbits. Then the skunk, who is the friend of the coyote, came and stood looking on. One of the rabbits picked up a stick and struck the coyote but he did not move, and they were all glad that he was dead. Then the skunk said, "Oh, look up to the sky!" and they all looked upward. Just at that moment he threw water up which came down into their eyes and almost blinded them. Then the coyote arose and said, "I am not dead!" and he killed the rabbits on every side. Some ran away, but a great number were killed.

Then the coyote said to the skunk, "I am very hungry, let us build a fire in the ground and roast these rabbits." So they built a fire and put the rabbits in to roast. After they had covered them up, the coyote said, "I can hardly wait until they are roasted. Let us run a race over to that big hill and back again, and the one who gets back first can have the rabbits." So the coyote started out in a swift run, and the skunk ran behind, but he only went a little ways, then he ran into a hole and waited there, while the coyote ran on, never looking back.

After waiting some time the skunk ran back to the place where the rabbits were, and began to take them out of the ground and carry them up a high tree which stood near. A little later the coyote came back panting for breath. He lay down and said, "I am almost dead, but I am here first. My friend is slow, he cannot run fast. Well, I will see if the meat is roasted," but when he looked, all had been taken out of the ground. He said, "I know the skunk could not have done this, for he could not get back yet. Oh! oh! What shall I do? I am so hungry!"

Then the skunk looked down from the tree and said, "I got here first, and I have the rabbits up here. I will give you the bones." So he ate the meat and threw the bones down to his friend, the coyote.

"Tell us another story," cries the eldest child, but the younger pair of black eyes have hard work to hold themselves open, and grandpa, himself weary from following the sheep all day, sinks down upon his sheep-skin bed, pulls his blanket closely about his thin body, and is soon lost in the land of dreams.



DANCE ROCK. WALPI.

Hopi Dance Rock, Walpi, Arizona

THE DOVES AND THE COYOTE (*A story*)

The little girl doves were grinding corn. They would grind a while, then they would sing, then when they became tired of grinding they would fly up in the air to rest their wings. A coyote drew near and watched them with interest. He would like to grind, and he would like to sing like that. He wished they would make a place for him in which to grind also. To this they readily consented, and made a place near by for him to grind with them. He tried to grind like they did and when they sang he tried to sing like they did. At first he made his voice sound fine and gentle like theirs, but every now and then there was a coarse, discordant note.

The little doves kept on grinding and singing, and every once in a while they flew up in the air to rest their wings. The coyote kept grinding and singing, but he could not fly up in the air with them, so once when they came down he said, "I would like to fly up in the air with you, I would like to do that way, too." So the doves consented to this, and one little dove took a feather out of her wing and put it into his side. Then another little dove gave him a feather, and another, and another, until

all the little doves had given him a feather. They went on again with their singing and their grinding. After a little they all flew up in the air again, and this time the coyote went too. They went way up, higher than they had ever been before. The coyote was with them, and when they were away up in the air, one little dove said, "This is my feather, I'm going to take it." Then another came and said, "This is my feather, I'm going to take it." Then the third one came, and another, and so on, until all had taken their feathers away from the coyote, who whirled and tumbled and fell to the earth.

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MEN (*Spaniards*)

Long ago when the Hopis awakened one morning, they saw in the valley marvelous beings, wearing clothes of iron (coats of mail), and having their upper parts shaped like men, yet going on four legs like beasts. At that time these people had never seen either a white man or a horse, and they supposed horse and rider were one and that these singular four-legged beings were gods. They went down into the valley to scatter sacred meal over them and worship them. But when they came nearer, the top part of some of the beings came off, and then our people saw they were men mounted on animals.

THE LANDMARK

On the middle mesa, three miles from the village of Shumopavi and in the direct trail to Oraibi, there is a block of sandstone eight and a half by seven inches in measurement, projecting two feet above the ground. On one end of it is carved the rude semblance of a human head or mask, the eyes and mouth being shallow depressions outlined with black paint. The head and front are rubbed quite smooth, but the remainder of the stone is rough and undressed.

To explain this we must go back to the early traditions of the first settler. There are several different clans among the Hopis,—Snake, Bear, Horn, Squash, Cloud and others. Some of the Bear people settled at Mishongnovi, some went on to where the tall red grass grew thick around a large spring and there they built a city and called it Shumopavi, "the place of the tall red grass."

The Bears at Shumopavi had two chiefs who were brothers. As each one had his friends and favorites among the people, jealousies sprang up and grew into a bitter quarrel between the brothers, the people dividing into two factions, each taking the side of the chief it favored. After a long period of contention, the younger brother, Matci-to, called his followers together and said, "My brother thinks he is wiser than I because he is older. He will not listen to my advice, he will never give us justice. Let us separate from the rest of the tribe and go to Oraibi where dwell some of the other clans who will welcome us."

So they moved across the valley and built themselves a city, and Matci-to carved the block of sandstone which has been described, and placed it halfway between his city and his brother's to mark the limits of their respective domains. The elder brother, Vwen-ti-so-mo, objected to this, for he said his city was larger and since he had more people he needed more than half the land. Matci-to, who was long-headed and ambitious, persuaded his brother to agree that whichever city was the larger after the lapse of a year should move the stone so as to take the larger portion of the land.

Then he sent emissaries into his brother's village to stir up dissatisfaction and induce the people to come to Oraibi. He stole away so many of Vwen-ti-so-mo's subjects that at the appointed time he moved the landmark a mile nearer to his brother's village.

In course of time Vwen-ti-so-mo died, and his people doubled up his arms so that a hand rested on either side of his face, bent his knees under his chin and wrapped him in a blanket. They wove a bit of cloth, into which, with colors, they worked his family name and rank, his myumu. Then they slipped him into a bag of braided bark, dropped in his myumu, and sewed the bag up with a bone needle. Around this they tied a matting of small poles or reeds woven together with leather thongs. They killed his dog and wrapped it in bark and set the dead chief in a crevice at the foot of the mesa looking toward Oraibi. Placing beside him his weapons, his dog, a bowl of sacred meal, meat, a jar of corn and one of water, they walled him in and left him.

When Matei-to died, his people dressed and buried him in the same manner, placing him at the foot of the Oraibi Mesa, facing the grave at the foot of Shumopavi, as if in death he were still looking defiantly across the valley toward his brother, claiming the larger portion of the land.

All this happened more than three hundred years ago, and no man now living knows where the chiefs are buried, for no tombstones mark their resting places. But on the Oraibi trail three miles from Shumopavi the landmark with the ugly face still stands a monument to the quarrel of the long-forgotten brothers.

THE ORIGIN OF DEATH

Long ago people were heedless and ungrateful, gathering their crops and eating them without offering any to the sun and earth; so one day the sun halted in the sky and would not go on until the wife of the chief died as a sacrifice. Then it moved on in its accustomed course, but ever since someone has died each day.





Navajo Indian Woman Weaving Blankets

One time a hunter came to a deep hole into which he looked and saw the god in a kiva; that night the moon halted and would not go on until the man died; so from that time someone has died every night also.

Note: The Hopis still make offerings to the sun.

Kiva — the underground room where many of their ceremonies are held and where they practice for the dances and other religious ceremonies.

In Tusayan (Hopiland) every crevice is a shrine, every grotto a temple, and there is scarcely a lunar month unmarked by some sacred festival for one or another of many Nature Deities.

ALASKAN INDIAN LEGEND OF GOOD AND EVIL

A long time ago there were two villages, one good and one bad. They were always at war with each other. The bad people finally wiped out the good village, all except one woman and her daughter. The woman mourned constantly, saying, "Oh, who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" A squirrel heard her and presented himself. "I will marry the daughter of Cow-woh." The mother asked, "What will be the purpose of your life if you marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" "I will gather nuts and drop them down to the daughter of Cow-woh." "No, that is not a high enough aim for the man who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh."

The mother mourned again, "Oh, who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" A deer appeared and said, "I will marry the daughter of Cow-woh." "What will be the purpose of your life if you marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" the mother asked. "I will dance for the daughter of Cow-woh." "No, that is not a high enough aim for the man who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh."

Again the mother mourned, "Oh, who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" A bear presented himself. "What will be the purpose of your life if you marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" "I will growl for the daughter of Cow-woh." "No, no, no, that is not a high enough aim for the man who will marry the daughter of Cow-woh."

The chief's son from heaven came next. "What will be the purpose of your life if you should marry the daughter of Cow-woh?" the mother asked. "The purpose of my life shall be to kill all the enemies of Cow-woh." This offer was accepted, but when the mother found that her daughter was to be taken from her, she objected unless she be allowed to go with her. The son agreed, and told the mother to put her hands on his shoulders as they went up, and not to look down. When part way up, she looked down, and fell, sticking in the crotch of a tree. This is why trees moan when the wind blows.

Three boys were born to the couple and came back to earth. The bad villagers saw them in a camp across the river and sent three spies to interview them. When they returned, they said they were the finest-looking men they had ever seen. "Let us get them to gamble with us," the bad villagers said. The three brothers came and won everything. Then they made war and wiped out the bad village. So the chief's son from heaven killed all the enemies of Cow-woh.

This story was told Miss Crawford by "Father Duncan" of Metlakatla, Alaska.

MONOS

In the long ago, once upon a time all the mountain tribes came together for a feast of acorn mush and deer meat — venison, we would call it. Then and there they were possessed by a desire to fly. How like

people of to-day, for now we do fly, and fly they must. But to fly they must be changed into birds, and each band was given the name of some bird, and with the name came the power to fly. The eagle, hawk, and owl were some of the birds named. "I'm going to be Big Chief Eagle," said the coyote. "All right," said the people, "but you go first to the spring for a pail of water." While the coyote was gone, they all flew away. They gave the coyote the name of "Uncle" so he would have to walk upon the ground. With that desire to fly and be the Eagle Chief, he climbed a tall tree and jumped, only to find himself upon the ground again. After several attempts to fly, he decided to be content to stay on the ground.

Then he went out hunting, caught a gopher, and after feasting on the meat, he said, "Why do I want to fly? I have good things to eat." Then he started out on a deer hunt. He came to the river and gave names to all the deep places in the river. He divided the places for fish,—salmon, red salmon, summer salmon, and he said to himself, "How am I going to catch these fish?" After looking around in vain for a spear, he killed a snake for bait, and set a trap to catch a hawk. With the bones of the hawk he made a spear, and with spear he caught a nice red salmon. "I don't want to fly, I have good things to eat." He threw a big log and stones into the water to keep the salmon from going farther up the river. "Now I will go down the river," said the coyote. He stops and listens,— "Why, that is someone grinding acorns on the rocks for mush. Oh, that is my sister; I guess my sister lives here. I think I will live here with my sister. I will hunt rabbits and she will cook mush."

He got some Indian strings (bark of trees) and made traps for catching rabbits that night. In the morning he came back with a big pack of rabbits. The coyote skinned and cooked the rabbits while his sister prepared the mush, but she went down to the river to hunt more acorns. She did not come back when he was looking for her, so he called and she answered, "I'm here." Her voice sounded like she was not far away, making mush, so he goes back to the fire. Then he said, "I think I'll go and help my sister bring the mush."

(This mush is cooked in large baskets with heated stones thrown into the batter, and is usually cooked at the spring. The preparation of the meal and batter requires a great deal of water.)

When he reached the place, his sister was not there. He called again and heard his sister's voice at the camp. He went back, but did not find her. "Where my sister go? I no find her," then he cried. Then he decided to go and get some acorn mush, because he had plenty of meat to eat with it. "I'll have a good meal." Before his sister went away she said to the mush, "When he comes here you are going to turn into small rocks," so the mush was all rocks and he could not eat it. Then he cried again.

The woman said, "I wish I had a boy." She then took a long stick, sharp at one end, and threw it up to the top of the hill. The stick stood up in the ground. She said, "Oh, that is my boy." She threw the stick again, and it did not stand up. "Oh, that is a girl, I do not want a girl," so she threw the girl away. Then she threw the stick again, and it stood up. "Oh, here is my boy."

Then she left the river and came south. She stopped at a place where the ground was wet and planted the stick. She watched there all night by a pile of wood. She then had two boys. They said, "We cold," and she made a big fire to keep them warm. The next day she kept on in the same direction until she came to a spring (the spring here at the mission).

From the spring she followed the trail almost to the top of the high hill. On a large flat rock they turned back again, and the footprints of a woman and child are to be seen on the rock to-day.

Then she went to the other side of the saddle and stopped. After that the boys grew. Their mother made bows and arrows for them and they would hunt birds and deer. One day they came home from hunting with a great tale to tell of a big bear they had seen in the woods. "Don't bother the bear," said their mother, "he will eat you." However, the boys killed the bear, and their mother went out to help carry the meat home. The boys were brave and could kill anything like wild beasts. The yellowjackets came to help eat the bear meat that hung in the sun and air to dry. The boys said, "We think we would like to find the yellowjackets' nest and get the honey. How shall we do this?" They then killed some grasshoppers and fastened the grasshoppers' legs to white grass. The yellowjackets liked the grasshoppers' legs to eat and to carry back to their nest, but could not get the leg loose from the straw or grass, and as they flew with this in their mouths, the Indians could see the long straw in the air and in that way follow the yellowjackets until they found the nest. The yellowjackets went a long ways from their home, all the way across the country to the Coast Range. When the boys found the nest, they made a smoke of pine needles to drive out the bees, and what a feast of honey they had.

Note: Among Indians more or less under civilizing influences the stories and traditions of the tribe are passing out of remembrance. But few old men are living, and there are not many of the young men that can give you these stories. You will see that this story has to do with the rocks, mountains, rivers, acorns, birds, animals,— those things they know about.

The scene of this story is not far from the mission. The San Joaquin River up in the mountains is not a very wide stream, but is very swift. The salmon come up the river in the early summer from the



Hopi Children at Toreva



Indian Baskets—many of them very valuable

salt water. They are red then, but in the fall when they go down stream back to the ocean, after living during the summer in fresh water, they are pale-white looking, and some people say they are sick.

The coyote plays his part in all stories of Indians west of the Rocky Mountains. He is almost always in disgrace.

HOW THE MONO INDIAN WOMEN MAKE THESE BASKETS

I regret that I am not able to give you a great deal of information regarding the significance of the patterns woven into the Indian baskets. In many tribes everything in their basketry and beadwork is of much significance, but we have tried many times to find out the meaning of the figures in their work. They always tell us that they just make the figures because they think they are pretty, not because they have any special meaning. We have often felt that if they would they could tell us a history of these figures that would be very interesting, but think there is some secret connected with the figures that they do not wish to make public. However, we do not know, although there is no doubt that in the past every figure meant something, for among Indians who still live the tribal life this is true.

The making of the baskets is in itself very interesting. The material from which the good baskets are made cannot be procured here, but may be found by a tule pond near Rudley, about forty miles from here. Before they leave their homes in search of basket materials, they cut straight green branches from a tree. The bark is peeled off and one end is sharpened to a point. The sticks are about four feet long and are very strong. These are used for forcing down into the boggy soil where the roots are found which later make such beautiful baskets. These roots are white and very strong and tough. I have seen some of them as long as seven or eight feet.

When the roots are gathered, the work is only begun. They are soaked in warm water, then they are split into three sections and tied into rolls. When the women are ready to use them, they are again put into warm water, and if they wish to make the basket of very fine work, the strands of root are divided again several times, after which each strand is carefully polished with a sharp piece of glass or an old knife and every bit of loose fiber is removed.

These roots are covered with a black bark. This bark is cured in the same manner and forms the coloring in the pattern. The red bark from a certain shrub gives the red color. All coloring used on the baskets except that on the top of baby cradles is natural, and therefore does not fade with use.

The grass forming the body over which the work is done is also found on the plains and grows to a height of about three feet. These baskets and some very crude pottery made from blue clay were all the dishes these Indians possessed in the long ago. Now, however, they use dishes just as we do, except for cooking mush made from acorn meal.

In working over and over this grass, something is needed with which to make the hole for the fiber to pass through. As a rule, an awl is made from a deer bone which has been sharpened and polished to a point as fine and smooth as that of a needle. It takes a long time, perhaps two or three months, to make a real good basket of any size.

The baby cradles are made from small twigs of a bush called the sour berry bush. On it grows small red berries that taste both sour and salty.

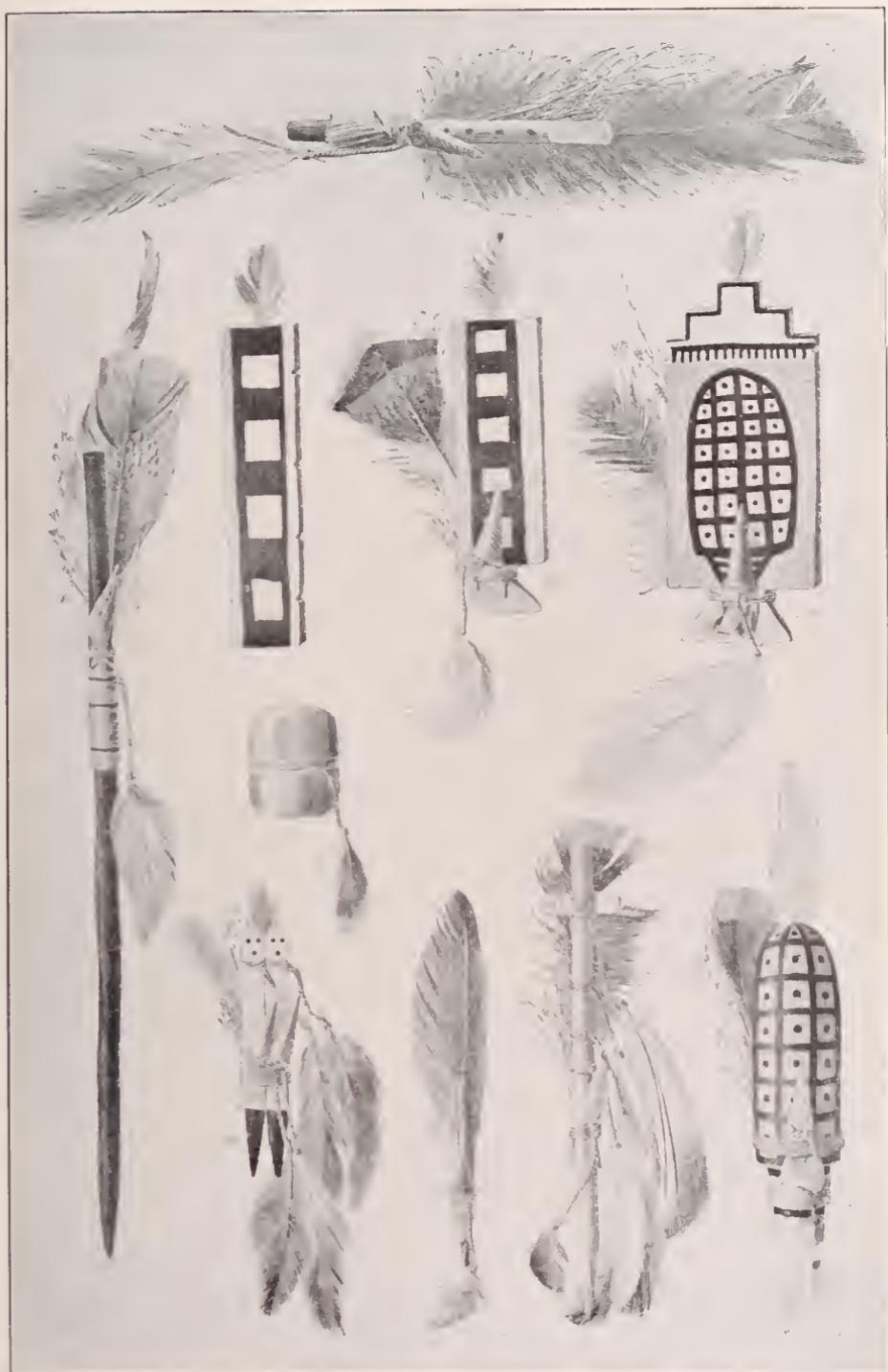
The Indians are very fond of these berries, and before the white man brought them salt, these were used as seasoning to take the place of salt. The red bark already mentioned comes from this same shrub.

The process of making acorn mush may be of interest. In years gone by, acorns were to the Indians of this country what wheat is to us. Acorn mush and bread and the game which they caught was their staple food. The acorns are gathered in the fall and stored for the winter in beehive shaped houses made from grasses and the bark of trees. They are held together by the bark of a tree known to the Indians as the rope tree. The fiber is very strong and in the past was used to build cable bridges across the rivers. A platform about five feet from the ground is built upon which this cone-shaped hive is put, and here bushels and bushels of acorns are stored. The shell and as much as possible of the brown covering underneath is removed. The acorns are then ready for grinding. Holes about an inch deep and two inches in diameter have been made in some large flat rock, and into these the acorns are dropped a few at a time. A woman sits flat on the rock holding between her hands a pear-shaped stone weighing about five pounds. This she plys up and down until the meal is as fine as flour. For a sifter a flat basket is used. The acorn is very oily, and the fine meal will settle on the bottom of the basket, while the coarse particles fall off and are ground again. It is then made into a thin batter with warm water and poured into a basket (these baskets hold water), and round stones that have been heated are dropped into the batter. The cook constantly stirs the stones about so that the basket is not burned. When done, the mush looks very like a nice chocolate custard pudding, and is quite palatable. I forgot to say that the bitter taste in the acorn is taken out by a process of filtration after the meal is ground.

An Indian girl's life is in many ways a free and happy one. In her early girlhood she grows up with the birds and squirrels and is as fleet-footed as a deer. She goes about without covering on her head except her beautiful thick black hair. Her waist is not abnormally small, and she walks erect as any soldier. Early in life her brothers or sisters are strapped in their cradles and the little sister becomes the little mother, as the baby hangs on her back from a strap passed across her forehead. One would think it would break her slender neck, but it does not, and I have often thought as I looked at old, old Indian women perfectly straight and erect, that perhaps the habit of carrying all burdens from head or shoulder is the better way.

The all-important thing in an Indian girl's life is to be married early and to become a mother to a family of healthy children. She loves and adores her babies.

The most important thing is that she come to know Jesus Christ, for He alone can lift her from her low position as the family burden-bearer, and oh, there are so many who do not know Him!



Hopi Bahoo or Prayer Sticks

A KIOWA INDIAN STORY

A long time ago there lived a great Indian chief. The Great Spirit gave to him and his good wife a little daughter. They loved her so much that they never permitted her to step on the ground. When she had grown to be quite a large girl, some children came and desired the parents to permit their daughter to come into the woods and play with them. The parents said she could go, but they must not permit her to step on the earth.

In the woods they came to a large evergreen tree, and in the branches were some small birds like the ones we have named chippies. The children said to the chief's daughter, "We will put you up in the branches of this tree and you may catch one of these birds for us." They put her up there and she tried to catch one of the birds, but every time it would fly one limb higher and she would climb after it. One time she came so close as to pull out one feather.

As she was pursuing the birds, the tree began to grow very fast, but for some time she did not know this. They called to her to come down, but the tree was so high that she could not, and it went on growing, until it reached the sun. The girl got off and was in the sun.

There was a young man in the sun and this girl became his wife. There were many buffalo in the sun. A son was born to them, their only child. The father would go out with his bow and arrows and hunt the buffalo and his wife would dig vegetable roots out of the ground, something like our turnips. On these and the meat they would live.

This man always charged his wife never to dig up one of the roots from which a buffalo had bitten the top, and for many years she obeyed him. One day when their child had grown to be quite a large boy, she was digging roots, and she thought, "Why does my husband tell me this so many times and charge me so earnestly? Here is one with the top off. I think I will just dig it up," and she did. It left a hole in the earth, and she looked down into it, and could see through it. She saw little people down on the earth, and tepees and Indian towns, and she became very homesick.

She said to her husband, "You go hunting and kill many buffalo, and from each one you kill, give me the sinew." He did so, and she took the sinew when it was new and soft and out of this she made a very long, strong rope, so long that when she put it down through this hole, it came down to the earth and there was a little coil on the ground. Then she fastened it in the sun, and staked it down very strong. Drawing up the rope, she wound it around her boy, and then around herself, leaving about five feet of space between them along the rope. Then they entered the hole, and through it came down by the rope to the earth. She made a great mistake in winding so much of the rope around them, for when they came down, they could not touch the earth, but were hanging and swinging some feet above the ground.

When her husband came back from the hunt, he called them, but he could not find them. He went to the place where the roots grew, and saw the hole, and then he knew what she had done. He took a big flat stone and made it round, then cut a hole in the stone and put it on the rope. He said to the stone, "You travel straight down this rope, and when you come to my boy, you jump over him and do him no harm, but you hit that woman and kill her," and the stone did as the man desired. Then the father in the sun untied the end of the rope and let his boy down to the earth.

The boy was hungry and began to look around, and down among some trees, by a stream, he saw a tepee. He went down there and looked in, and there was no one at home, but he saw some cooked corn and other good things to eat, and he took what he desired and went back to watch over the body of his dead mother. Now this tepee belonged to an old woman, and she was a medicine woman and very sharp, a witch doctor. When she saw that her good things had been taken, and saw the foot prints, she said, "I will see whether this one was a girl or a boy." So she made a ball and a little stick to roll it along on the ground, then a bow and some arrows. She left them in plain view in the tepee, with good things to eat. When she came back, the bow and arrows were gone. "Ah," she said, "a boy has taken my good things. Now I shall catch that boy."

The next morning she wrapped herself in the hide of a buffalo and lay down inside the tepee near the door. She kept very still and waited a long time. After a while the boy came along and looked into the tepee. He said, "I see you lying there. You want to catch me, but you can't." Then he thought, "I will jump over her and get what I want and come out again," and he jumped over her, but she was quick and caught him. "Now," she said, "you will be my boy. Your mother is dead and rotting away and you can't nurse her into life."

After the boy, who was born in the sun and came down from the sun, had lived with her some moons, she made him a hoop to play with. She said to him, very earnestly, "You must never throw this hoop straight up above your head. Never at any time do that." The boy played with the hoop a long time, but one day he thought, "I wonder what she told me that for. What harm can there be in throwing this hoop far above my head. I think I will see how far I can throw it straight up." He threw it with all his strength and it came straight down and struck him at the parting of his hair and split him straight through to the bottom of his feet, and he became two boys. When the old woman looked, she had two boys, and she said, "I told you not to throw that hoop up. Now see what you have done. Now I tell you a new thing. You boys must never roll that hoop with the wind, never. If you do, you will see what will come to you, and it will be bad."

They played a long time with the hoop. One day the wind was blowing strong, and they were out at play, when one of them said, "Let us throw the hoop with the wind." The other one said, "We will see what will come to pass," and they threw it hard with the wind. The hoop bounded away very fast, up the hill and over the top of the hill, and out of their sight. They said, "Let us go and see what became of the hoop." They went to the top of the hill and looked away down on the plain. They saw an Indian tepee, and the hoop had jumped clear up on the top of the tepee poles, above where they were tied together, and there it hung.

The boys came to the tepee and all was still, and they said, "Who lives here? Will you not take down our hoop and give it to us?" An Indian man and his wife lived there. The man said, "Come in and then I will give you the hoop." They entered the tepee and as they looked, they saw a bunch of cloth, like a small medicine bag, tied on each tepee pole. The man said, "Sit down over here." Then he said to his wife, "Go to the door and set fire to that first medicine bag." She did so, and it was full of smoke and the tepee was filled with the smoke, and the boys began to choke and could not breathe. One of the boys said to the smoke, "You lift and stay above our heads," and the smoke went above their heads and they could breathe. The man said to his wife, "Are they there yet?"



Odle Tay-Tie, now Mrs. George Hunt in Indian Dress. She is the Daughter of the
Famous Old Warrior Satank

She said, "I can see their forms." He said, "Fire all the medicine bags," and she burned all of them and the inside of the tepee was just black, but the smoke stayed above their heads and they were not killed. Then the boys knew that this was the Indian who killed people with smoke.

The man said, "Come out, I see I can't kill you," and he took the hoop down and gave it to the boys. When they came home, the old woman said, "Where have you been?" They told her, and she said, "Did I not tell you not to throw that hoop with the wind? Now see what you have done."

These boys lived with the witch woman and did many wonderful things, and became so great that they turned into gods, and are now two of the gods that live on the earth.

An old Indian story told by Chief Big Tree, to Mr. H. H. Clouse, missionary to the Kiowa Indians, Rainy Mountain, Oklahoma.

CROW LEGEND

THE STORY OF MEDICINE BOY

Told by Henry Russell (Old Tobacco Seed), Miss Goodspeed's Interpreter

Pryor Pass has for hundreds of years been the main road through the mountains from north to south. Every year the Indians would pass through this gap, in the fall on their way to the south, and in the spring on their way north. Rocks were always kept piled about ten feet apart on each side to show the travelers the right road.

Long before horses were known to the Crows, dogs were used to carry loads. At one time when a number of these Indians were going south for the winter, there was at the very last of the band a man and woman and little boy. The boy was five or six years old and very small for his age. He was too heavy for his mother to carry and too small to walk, so he was allowed to ride on one of the little packs pulled by the dogs.

The creek at the opening of the gap was safely crossed. Just after crossing the creek one comes to a great bar of rock. The Indian party passed around this rock until it came to the very last. Just then the dog, upon whose pack was the little boy, saw a deer and quick as a flash he chased it, pulling the rope from the man's hand. Around the point of rock he went, returning in five or ten minutes without a thing,—boy, pack, all gone. The parents hastened around the point. They found the pack and everything but the child. They hunted and hunted until dark, then the lonely father and mother camped for the night. The next morning they again hunted and hunted, but all in vain. They hastened then to join the rest. They found them camped on Sage Creek. They went to the chief and told him what had happened. He immediately issued orders for every Indian to go back and look for the child. This they did, but all in vain. All winter they stayed and then in the spring they went back to their northern home.

Again the next fall, a year from the time the little boy was lost, the same band of Crow Indians were crossing the country and camped for a time before going through Pryor Pass. They pitched their tents about a mile this side, on what is now the land of "Birds All Over the Ground."

In the meantime, the little boy was with dwarfs, cliff dwellers in the great rock. These dwarfs the year before had heard the dog running, had opened the door of their house in the rock, quickly pulled the boy in as the

pack went by, and closed the door, thus shutting off all trace of his whereabouts. A man, his wife and daughter lived here. They dressed always in buckskin. They were very good to the boy and taught him many things. He grew so fast that in a year he was as big as a boy fourteen or fifteen years of age. The dwarf made him a beautiful bow and many arrows. He could hunt all kinds of game, mountain sheep, deer, elk, and buffalo. He supported the dwarfs with what he killed. He could shoot a mile and kill. They made him buckskin coats, shirts and pants.

When the year was up and his people were once more camping near him, Old Dwarf came to him one day and said, "You do not belong here. This is not your home. I got you so that I could teach you to take care of me." The boy was amazed and said, "Who am I? Are not you my father? Is not this my mother?" "No," said Old Dwarf, "one mile away are your father and mother. You are to go back and live with them, but every fall you must stop with me until you have killed enough to keep me through the year. Remember this." "Yes," said the boy, "I will."

The next morning after breakfast the dwarf gave the boy more arrows and a bow made out of the horns of the mountain sheep. Then he took the boy with him and climbed up the side of the cliff where they could look down on the campers. Then Old Dwarf said, "See that outfit down there? Those are your people. Your father and mother are there. Go to them and you will be a great leader among them, a chief." He gave the boy the name "She-ka-box-pa," or "Medicine Boy."

Medicine Boy went back to his people and he grew to be a very wise man. Just as the dwarf had said, he became a great chief, a leader of his people. When he led them on the war path, there was always good luck. Through him they captured more horses, got more scalps, and won more wars than with any other chief. He was one of the greatest men among the Crows or any Indian tribe. Every fall he and his tribe camped at Pryor Creek, and always he spent at least three weeks in hunting game for Old Dwarf, and every year gifts were brought to the cave dwellers. Medicine Boy said to his people, "As long as the Indians last, you are to bring gifts to the dwarfs. Arrows are to be shot at the cliff for them, bows and beads and all kinds of gifts you shall give them." This the Indians have done for hundreds of years, until now they are living near the place where Medicine Boy learned his wisdom. The cliff was named Arrow Point, and the creek—Pryor Creek—was called by them, Arrow Creek, or Shoots the Rock.

This much is true at least. The Indians did for some reason shoot arrows for many years at this high, projecting, rocky cliff. All kinds of gifts and arrows have been found here and carried away by interested people.

Pryor Pass, or the gap, is eight or nine miles from our mission. It is a beautiful place. Pryor Creek, which starts in the mountains and runs through the pass, is quite a swift and a very beautiful stream, running right along our mission grounds.

This story like all the Crow stories, is preserved only as it is passed from one generation to the next by verbal repetition.

